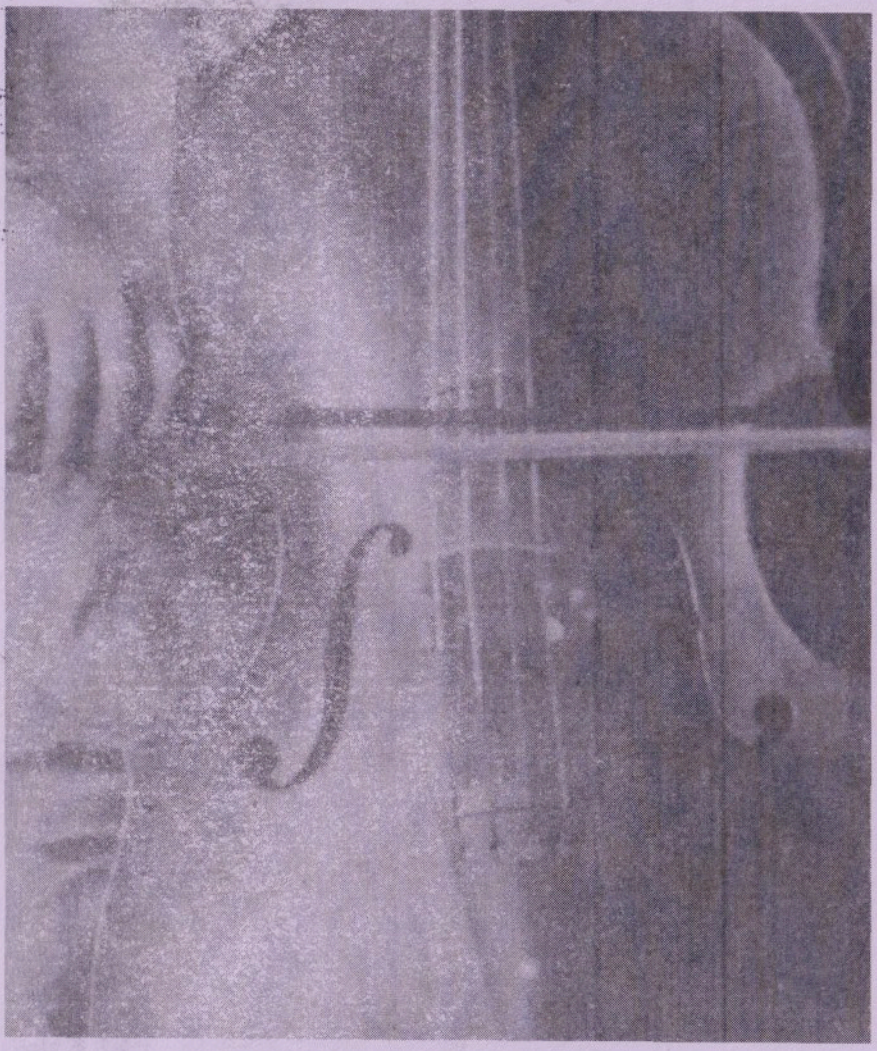
MAIL BLOG CC

MAR 2 6 2022



The Morgan Library & Museum, noon, fifty five degrees, light rain

Nobody looks happy. I don't either. I am wearing my public face to protect my personal space.

We're all visiting property converted in to an institution to preserve and display the wealth that no longer belongs to a wealthy person because he is dead.

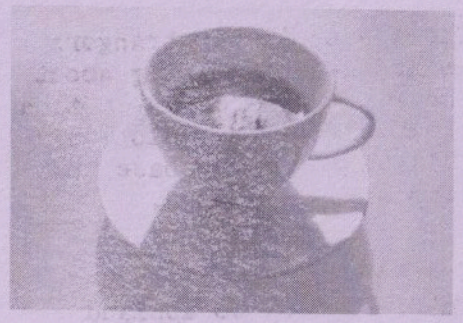
The cafe is crowded with older people who cut in line to ask the busy cafe worker where the bathroom is.

The acoustics are good for stringed instruments which is why I'm here. I'm waiting for music students to arrive.

The acoustics aren't good for listening to conversations. All of the voices exist as one auditory blur.

A carafe was knocked to the floor and the person at fault walked away. Everyone scowled as the milk pooled.

Carafe person's companion dropped a coin that rolled in a big spiral. The scowlers turned to watch the coin



finish its dramatic turn. No one picked it up but the cafe worker picked up the carafe.

Someone who didn't see any of this will come along later and find the coin and think they are lucky and will reintroduce a positive energy.

I brought a tiny book about visits Helene Hanff made to attractions in nineteen seventy's bankrupt New York City. I found the book in a thrift store for one dollar after I moved back and it felt symbolic. Although it's not hard to find a book in a thrift store about the city you're in.

What a small miracle to get to sit here with a book and listen to someone play the cello.

There used to be strangers behind me complaining about their wives. I didn't notice them leave. The cello music fills the vacant space their complaints occupied.

Everyone is still talking but they stop to applaud between songs.

Two school teachers are discussing how much computers have changed. Their sophomores are better than normal but their **seniors** are worse than normal. A third teacher joined them late and tells them about a student job that clears out abandoned furniture, radios, and bags of laundry coins from dorms. Their grandchild furnished an apartment this way.

I roamed around the exhibits until I got trapped between two safety doors that lock automatically and have no signs that explain this.

Someone yelled at me to push a green button.

My public patience window closed much faster than expected.

I am now on the platform at thirty fourth street waiting a train to take me back to my private sanctuary.

"That which takes us by surprise - moments of happiness - that is inspiration. Inspiration is there all the time. We say that inspiration comes and goes but really it is there all the time waiting for us to be untroubled again."
-- Agnes Martin, Writings

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